



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Point Blanc



comedy

dark

123 5 11

Chapter 1 by Marshall Cavalli

Where do I begin? Well, there are many ways to approach this story. But I will start it this way. It all started, when I woke up in a dark room.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"You are here." a omnipotent voice responded.

Great. Just what I needed. An asshole.

"Do I have an objective, or goal, I can do?" I questioned

"That's what you have to find out." the voice responded.

Well, shit. That's just great. How am I supposed to "find out" what I am supposed to do.

Let's find out what is the goal...

Chapter 2 by Piper McLean



"Could you be any less help?" I asked, clearly ticked off

"I could not talk at all, making you feel alone," the voice replied

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

brown hair and a clip board. "Who are you?" I asked. "I am me," he replied. "Really? No way!" I said, pouring in as much sarcasm as I could. "So, what exactly am I doing here?" I asked. "Let me be a bit more help here. The human race has evolved-for the worse. You are one of an extremely small amount of exceptions. You are here, and we are testing you,"

Chapter 3 by Joanna Marie



"Okay smart ass, what should I call you? God?" I couldn't take it.

"I am me, I am no one. You should be asking what this test you're taking is," the man replied. I studied his face. His features were perfectly symmetrical, unlike anyone I've seen. I squinted a little, focusing in on his eyes, which were gray- no- silver, with two perfect black holes staring back. His jaw was clenched, but he seemed relaxed. I moved a little and he didn't move with me. Not him, not his eyes nothing. I walked towards him more, waving my hand in front of his face. I started to feel anxious. I could feel my blood pumping. His eyes didn't follow me. Everywhere I went he was still.

"You aren't real," I announced, my hands clamming up.

"Congratulations. You completed step two- realizing this isn't real," the man replied. As he wrote this down on the clipboard, he didn't take his eyes off of where he'd been staring.

I walked closer to the man, wanting to catch a glance of the paper on the clipboard. As soon as I got close enough to take a look, the clipboard disappeared. The man jerked violently towards me, which made me jump considering he hasn't moved from his spot since he got there.

He started marching towards me, silver eyes now red. He stopped just in front of me, close enough to feel his breath although it seemed he didn't have any.

"Do not look at the questions. Do not look at the tests. Do you understand?" the man ordered.

"Y-y-yes sir. I understand. I understand completely."

I didn't see him move, but next thing I know is that he was back in the corner. I inhaled a deep breath, and walked up to him again.

"How do you know the questions if you don't have the clipboard?" I asked, making sure I didn't get too close.

"Don't worry. I know all. This is not real, remember?"

You're not real.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 4 by Heather

Definitely an asshole the

testing me. I had no idea how I got there and I sure as hell didn't want to be probed or dissected

Login

or

Create new account

or whatever aliens do to you.

I squinted at him. He stared in my direction without blinking. *Asshole, and yeah, I guess it would be okay to assume that he's an alien, his looks make my skin crawl...*

"A good assumption," he said abruptly. "You're absolutely right, my looks in this simulation are modeled after an alien race, one that does particularly like to... figure out how things work. By any means. Which brings us here today."

What. My mouth hung open in amazement. Is this guy reading...

"Your thoughts? Yes." He glanced down at his clipboard, which had reappeared in his hands.

"That is actually item four, learning that you cannot hide your thought process in this test." He frowned. "Try not to skip any items."

I laughed. "Well that's an easy task, since I don't even know what's on the list." My eyes narrowed. "But there is a list, just not one you're willing to share."

He nodded.

Chapter 5 by Joshua K



"You are one of a select group because your brain can withstand higher than normal electric pulses."

"So what are you saying, doc? this is all the result of my brain being tasered?" I say, thinking that I'm dreaming.

"We are still in the experimental state. We are still refining this process."

As he says that his form glitches out and I hear a loud whining sound. It only lasts for a second but I notice that it happened when I thought of tasers.

"That is correct. Thinking of strong memories can send a reverse pulse to the machinery connected to your spinal cord. This can 'glitch', as you so primitively put it, the object that you are focusing on."

"This better not be the Matrix"

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#) or [Create new account](#)

Login

or

Create new account

"What is it exactly that your testing me for? Will i meet the other people? What do you mean I could die?"

He holds a hand up, stopping the torrent of questions.

"You will find the answers on the other side of this door."

He vanishes and a door appears in the wall.

I take a deep breath and step through it.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(626ce8ac21792b9405bfddfea8e0c96a_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(2b752d244c1fc411d86684a042d55b85_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(dce80b49261a82a8c1adc428d1016c79_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account